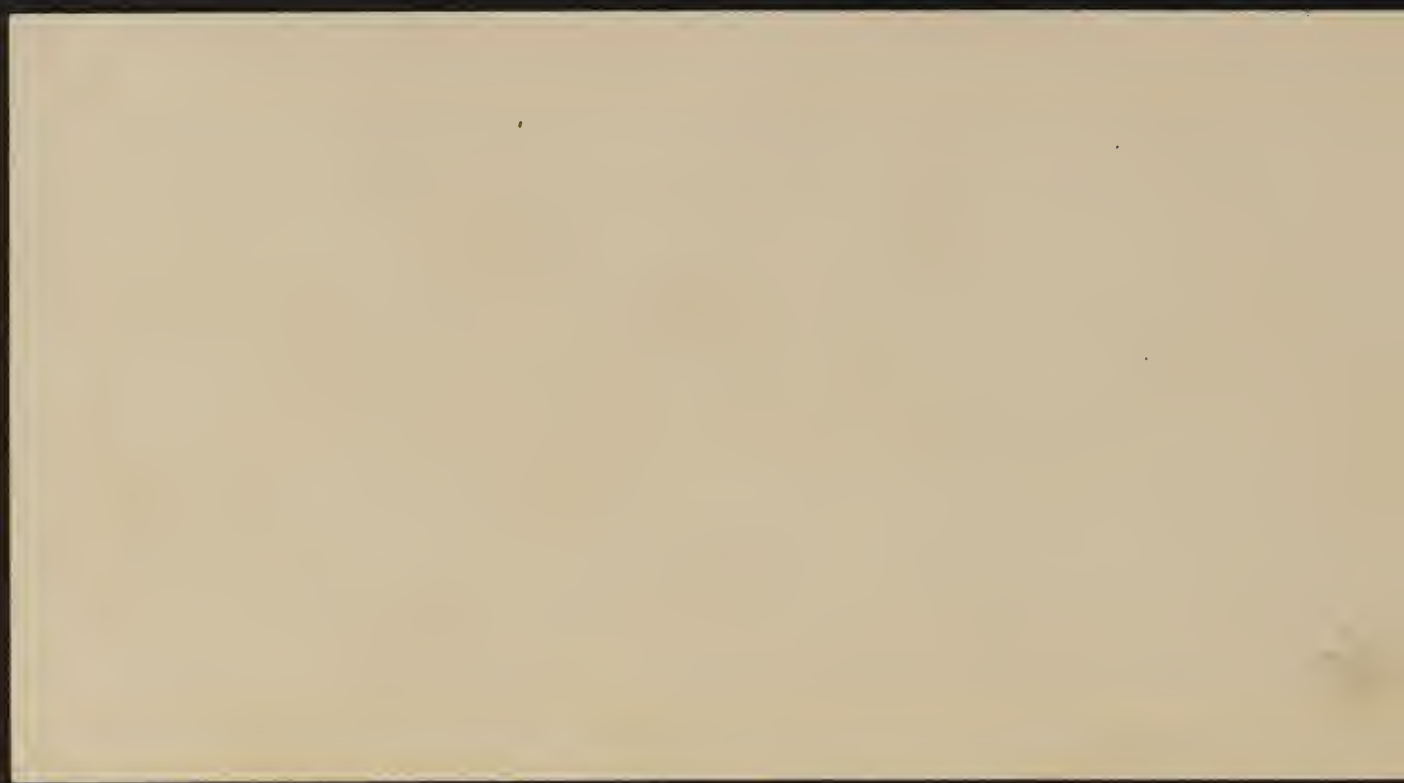


With the compliments of the

VOLTA BUREAU,

Washington, D.C.



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1892

HELEN KELLER.

SOUVENIR

OF THE

FIRST SUMMER MEETING

OF

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION TO PROMOTE THE
TEACHING OF SPEECH TO THE DEAF.

SECOND EDITION.

VOLTA BUREAU,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

1892.

NATHAN SAWYER & SON, PRINTERS,
BOSTON, MASS.

TO THE MEMBERS OF
THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION TO PROMOTE THE TEACHING
OF SPEECH TO THE DEAF,

This Volume is Dedicated,

AS A SOUVENIR OF THEIR FIRST SUMMER MEETING AT THE
CROSBYSIDE HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.,
JULY, 1891,

By The Volta Bureau,

3414 Q STREET, WASHINGTON, D.C.,
DECEMBER 25, 1891.

PREFACE.

THE first edition of this Souvenir has found such favor that a second edition becomes necessary in order to supply the demand.

Upon request from this Bureau, some additional matter of special importance to instructors of the deaf has been obligingly supplied by Miss Annie M. Sullivan, the teacher of Helen Keller, acceptably supplemented with interesting and valuable statements from herself and pupil. Miss Sullivan also contributes an appropriate poem by Miss Margaret T. Canby.

The Volta Bureau takes this opportunity to express thanks to all who have so kindly contributed towards perfecting the Souvenir, and more especially to Mrs. Annie C. Pratt of Chelsea, Mass., to whose excellent taste and tireless efforts the publication largely owes its gratifying success.

JOHN HITZ,

Superintendent of the Volta Bureau.

March 28, 1892.

WASHINGTON, D.C., December 7, 1891.

HON. JOHN HITZ,

Superintendent of the Volta Bureau, 3414 Q Street, Washington, D.C.

MY DEAR SIR:—At the Summer Meeting of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, Miss Sarah Fuller read a paper entitled "How Helen Keller was Taught to Speak."

She also read two very remarkable letters written by Helen Keller herself. Miss Fuller presented the originals of these letters to me, to be deposited in the Volta Bureau, where they would be preserved and rendered accessible to all who are interested in the education of the deaf. I beg, therefore, to enclose them to you.

I am glad to know that the Bureau proposes to publish fac-simile copies of these letters for presentation to the members of the Association as a souvenir of their first Summer Meeting. Allow me to suggest that these fac-simile copies should also be rendered accessible to the public.

The public have already become interested in Helen Keller, and, through her, may perhaps be led to take an interest in the more general subject of the education of the deaf.

The schools for the deaf in America now aim to teach their pupils to speak, as well as to read and write; and such progress has been made in Articulation-teaching, that the time is at hand when dumbness among the deaf, like illiteracy among the hearing, will be considered as a mark of defective education.

The more attention can be directed to the fact that a child—blind and deaf from infancy—has been taught to think in the English language, and to read and write and speak with fluency, the more will the public be prepared to realize that deaf children who are not blind may be similarly taught.

Yours truly
Alexander Graham Bell.



Joseph H. Wheeler Boston

Affectionately yours
Helen A. Keller.

HELEN ADAMS KELLER,



HE eldest child of Major Arthur Henley and Kate (Adams) Keller, was born at Tuscumbia, Colbert County, Alabama, 1880, June 27. Her sister, Mildred Campbell, was born 1886, October 26; and her brother, Phillips Brooks, was born 1891, July 4. Major Keller was a paymaster in the Confederate Army, and held the office of U. S. Marshal under President Cleveland. He is an editor, and with his family resides in his native town, Tuscumbia, Ala. His wife, to whom he was married in 1878, is a native of Arkansas.

Helen's paternal grandfather, David Keller, was the son of Caspar Keller, who came to America from Switzerland in the Colonial days of this country's history. Her paternal grandmother, Mary Fairfax Moore, was the daughter of Col. Alexander Moore of Rockbridge County, Va., who was aid-de-camp to Gen. Lafayette in the war of the American Revolution; she was also a second cousin to Major-Gen. Robert E. Lee of Virginia.

Helen's maternal grandparents were natives of Massachusetts. Her grandfather, Gen. Charles William Adams, an eminent lawyer and judge, resided at Memphis, Tenn.; he was a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army. Her grandmother, Helen Everett, was a cousin to Hon. Edward Everett, and to Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston, Mass.

So far as is known, Helen had at birth all the faculties and senses possessed by any healthy child at that period of life; but at the age of eighteen months she had a serious illness, and on her recovery it was ascertained that she was totally deaf and blind. In 1887 she was placed under the instruction of Miss A. M. Sullivan, a young lady who had been educated at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston. Miss Sullivan proved to be one of the most expert of teachers; and, under her faithful instruction, this remarkable child developed with astonishing rapidity the marvellous genius which has since caused her name and fame to follow that of Laura Bridgman over the world, to awaken the interest of scientists, and to establish for herself a place in the affectionate regard of every person who has been privileged to see her or to hear her speak. For Helen lives in days when great progress has been made in the art of teaching the deaf; when the deaf need no longer be dumb, as now they are taught to use speech, also to read it from the lips of others: and this wonderful child, blind as well as deaf, by means of a few lessons given her at her own request by Miss Fuller, the principal of a public school for the deaf where the oral method of instruction is employed, has acquired the free use of speech.

Major and Mrs. Keller have kindly furnished the items for this sketch of their remarkably interesting little daughter.

In explanation of the manner in which Helen Keller was taught to use the manual alphabet, and the methods employed which have aided her in the acquisition of the remarkable command of language which she possesses, her teacher, Miss Sullivan, says:—

“In March, 1887, I first became Helen's teacher, and began my work by putting her in possession of the use of the manual alphabet as rapidly as possible. Using any object that she could readily examine by the sense of touch, I would slowly spell its name with my fingers, while she held my hand and felt its motion; then I would aid her to repeat the word with her own fingers. She easily comprehended what I desired her to do, imitated the movements with careful precision, and seemed to understand that she was learning the names of the objects around her. In a few days she had mastered this entire alphabet, and could spell the names of numerous objects. Next I taught her words represented by action; she readily caught their meaning, and we were then enabled to form sentences. ‘Helen is in wardrobe,’ ‘Box is on table,’ ‘Mildred is in crib,’ are specimens of sentences constructed by Helen in the month of April, 1887.

“In these exercises, and in all my work with her previous to this time, I had followed the method adopted in teaching Laura Bridgman; but I found it was not sufficient for the needs of my little pupil. It became evident to me that it was not wise to confine myself strictly to the use of words of which she knew the full meaning, and I began to give her many words in my sentences without any further explanation concerning them than was conveyed to her by their connection with those words which she did know. I observed that she adopted their use, often without inquiry. After this I invariably gave her complete sentences in communicating with her, often long ones, using many words of which she did not understand the meaning, but in connection with others of which she had full knowledge, and in such manner that she was able to comprehend the meaning I desired to convey. She thus became familiar with, and in the daily use of, many words the full meaning of which had not been explained to her in detail; and, before I realized the importance to her of this practice, she was the possessor of a vocabulary which astonished me.

“She learned with perfect ease the forms of the raised letters such as are used in printing books for the use of the blind, and we soon began to form sentences from words printed on separate slips of paper in raised letters; this exercise delighted her very much, and prepared the way for the writing lessons. It was not difficult for her to understand and make use of written language. On July 12, 1887, she wrote, without assistance, a correctly-spelled and legible letter to one of her cousins; this was a little more than a month after her first lesson in chirography. She now uses the ‘point,’ or what is termed the Braille, system of writing; this she can read with

her fingers. When writing for those who do not understand reading the point letters, she copies her work into the square writing in which some of her communications have appeared.

"I am constantly asked, by persons familiar with teaching the deaf, how it is that Helen has acquired such a comprehensive command of language in so short a time. I think it is, first, because she has, like many hearing persons, a natural aptitude for comprehending and making use of language as soon as it is acquired; and second, because volumes of words have been placed in her possession by means of conversation, reading to her from books, and from her own constant use of books printed in raised letters. I have had no particular method of teaching, but have always regarded my pupil as a study, whose own spontaneous impulses must be my surest guide. I have never taught Helen to use signs such as have been employed in teaching the deaf, but confined myself to the use of the manual alphabet in communicating with her. I have always talked to her as I would to a seeing and hearing child, and have insisted that others should do the same. When a person asks me if she will understand this or that word, I reply, 'Never mind whether she understands each separate word in a sentence, she will guess the meaning of the new words from their connection with others which are already intelligible to her.' I am asked, 'How did you teach her words expressive of intellectual and moral qualities?' It is difficult to tell just how she came to understand the meaning of abstract ideas, but I believe it was more through association and repetition than through any explanation of mine. This is especially true of her earlier lessons, when her knowledge of language was so slight as to make explanation well-nigh impossible. I have always made it a practice to use the words descriptive of emotions, of intellectual or moral qualities and actions, in connection with the circumstance which required their use. I began to use such words as 'perhaps,' 'suppose,' 'expect,' etc., when I thought she could understand their application. She was always anxious to learn the names of people we met in the horse-cars or elsewhere, where they were going, what they were to do, etc. The following illustrates her interest in those about her, and shows how these words were taught:—

" HELEN. What is little boy's name?

" TEACHER. I do not know; he is a little strange boy; *perhaps* his name is Jack.

" HELEN. Where is he going?

" TEACHER. He *may* be going to the common to have fun with other boys.

" HELEN. What will he play?

" TEACHER. I *suppose* he will play ball.

" HELEN. What are boys doing now?

" TEACHER. *Perhaps* they are expecting Jack, and are waiting for him.

"After the words became familiar to her she began to use them in composition. The following is an extract from a composition written by Helen in September, 1888:—

"‘This morning teacher and I sat by the window, and we saw a little boy walking on the sidewalk. . . . I do not know how old he was, but *think* he *may have been* six years old. I do not know where he was going, because he was a little strange boy; but *perhaps* his mother sent him to a store to buy something for dinner. He had a bag in one hand. I *suppose* he was going to take it to his mother.’

"Her command of language has grown with her increase of experiences: while these were few and elementary, her vocabulary was more limited; as she learns more of the world about her, her judgment acquires accuracy, her reasoning powers become stronger, more active and subtle, and the language by which she expresses this intellectual activity gains in fluency and logic.

"I am convinced that the freedom and accuracy which characterize Helen's use of English are due quite as much to her familiarity with books as to her natural aptitude for learning language. I gave her books printed in raised letters long before she could read them, and she would amuse herself for hours each day in carefully passing her fingers over the words, searching for such as she knew, and would scream with delight whenever she found one. Many times she would inquire the meaning of some word she had not previously felt, and, having learned it, would go on with great eagerness to find its counterpart on other pages; she thus naturally became interested in the subject of which the words treated, and, as books were placed in her hands suited to her age, she was soon reading simple stories. In selecting books for Helen to read, it has never occurred to me to choose them with reference to her misfortune. I have read to her such publications as other children of her age read and take delight in, and the same rule has been observed in placing in her hands books printed in raised letters. She has a great fondness for reading, grasps the ideas quickly, and has a faculty of embodying them in language often quite different from that used by the author; for instance, while reading to her from Dickens's 'Child's History of England' I came to the sentence, 'Still the spirit of the brave Britons was not broken.' I asked her what she thought that meant; she replied, 'I think it means that the brave Britons were not discouraged because the Romans had won so many battles, and they wished all the more to drive them away.' The very next lines are still more idiomatic: 'When Suetonius left the country, they fell upon his troops and retook the island of Anglesea.' This is her interpretation of the sentence: 'It means, that when the Roman general had gone away, the Britons began to fight again; and because the Roman soldiers had no general to tell them what to do, they were overcome by the Britons, and lost the island they had captured.' During the first year spent with Helen I read to her one day a pretty story called 'Hyacinthus' which I found in a plant and flower-seed catalogue; it impressed her

very much, and she made great use of it in her conversation and writing for some time after.

"She commits to memory both prose and poetry in large measure, and many times surprises us by repeating pages from some favorite author, when we have not previously known that she had memorized any portion of the work. Some times it seems as if she absorbed the ideas and even the words of a writer, and, not having the key to their exact meaning, they lay dormant in her mind until some experience brought their application to her, when a comprehension of their meaning and significance flashed the language before her mental vision.

"She is a great admirer of the writings of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and has committed to memory many of his poems. During the winter of 1889-90, which we spent at the Perkins Institution in South Boston, she was a member of a class in zoölogy. One day the teacher, Miss Bennett, was explaining to the class the habit of the chambered nautilus; holding the shell of the mollusk in her hand she minutely described it in detail. I sat by Helen's side repeating the instruction to her with my fingers. When the shell was passed to her, in turn, for examination, she felt it over very carefully, rose to her feet, and, greatly to my surprise and astonishment, slowly repeated Dr. Holmes's beautiful poem on this subject, 'The Chambered Nautilus.'

"During this winter (1891-92) I went with her into the yard while a light snow was falling, and let her feel the falling flakes. She appeared to enjoy it very much indeed. As we went in, she repeated these words: 'Out of the cloud-folds of his garments Winter shakes the snow.' I inquired of her where she had read this; she did not remember of reading it, did not seem to know that she had learned it. As I did not remember ever hearing or reading it, I inquired of several of my friends if they recalled the words or description; no one seemed to remember it. The teachers at the Institution expressed the opinion that the description did not appear in any book in raised print in that library; but one lady, Miss Marrett, took upon herself the task of examining books of poems in ordinary type, and was rewarded by finding the following lines in one of Longfellow's minor poems, entitled 'Snow-flakes:'—

" 'Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.'

"It would seem that Helen had learned and treasured the memory of this expression of the poet, and this morning in the snow-storm had found its application.

"As the two principal avenues of perception were hopelessly closed to Helen at the commencement of her education, and the manual alphabet appealed more directly and forcibly to her remaining sense of touch than any other known medium of communication, it was made the channel through which her ideas could flow. She became very proficient in its use; ordinary conversation could be communicated to her with comparative ease, and she could herself spell eighty common words in a minute. For three years the manual alphabet had been her only means of intercourse with the outside world; by its means she had acquired a comprehensive vocabulary, which enabled her to converse freely, read intelligently, and write good idiomatic English. Nevertheless, the impulse to utter audible sounds was strong within her, and the constant efforts I made to repress this instinctive tendency were of no avail. I considered that if she could learn to speak, her inability to watch the lips of others would be an insurmountable obstacle in the way of her intelligent use of oral language.

"During the winter of 1889-90 she became gradually conscious that her means of communication with others was different from that employed by her little friends and playmates at the Perkins Institution, and one day her thoughts found expression in the following questions: 'How do the blind girls know what to say with their mouths?' 'Why do you not teach me to talk like them?' 'Do deaf children ever learn to speak?' I explained that there were schools where deaf children were taught to speak, but that they could see their teachers' mouths, and learn partly in that way. She interrupted me to say that she was sure she could *feel* my mouth very well. A short time after this conversation a lady came to see her, and told her about the deaf and blind Norwegian child, Ragnhild Kaata, who had been taught to speak, and to understand, by touching the lips of her teacher, what he said to her. Helen's joy over this good news can be better imagined than described. 'I am so delighted,' she said, 'for now I know that I shall learn to speak too.' I promised to take her to see a kind lady who knew all about teaching the deaf, and who would know if it would be possible for her to learn to speak. 'Oh, yes, I can learn,' was her eager reply; 'I know I can, because Ragnhild has learned to speak.' She did not mention the subject again that day, but it was evident that she thought of little else, and that night she was not able to sleep.

"She began immediately to make sounds, which she called *speaking*, and I saw the necessity of correct instruction, since her heart was set upon learning to talk. Accordingly I went with her to ask the advice and assistance of Miss Sarah Fuller, the principal of the Horace Mann School for the Deaf, on Newbury Street, Boston. Miss Fuller was much delighted with the child's earnestness and enthusiasm, and at once commenced to teach her.

"It was just three years from the day when Helen became conscious that she could communicate her physical wants, her thoughts, and her impressions through the arbitrary language of the fingers, to the time when she received her first lesson in the more natural and universal instrument of human intercourse,—oral language. She was not content at first to be drilled in single sounds, but was impatient to pronounce words and sentences. The length of the word or the difficulty of the arrangement of the letters never seemed to discourage her. When she had been talking for less than a week, she met her friend Mr. Rodocanachi, and immediately began to struggle with the pronunciation of his name; nor would she give it up until she was able to articulate the word distinctly. Her interest in this instruction never diminished for a moment, and in her eagerness to overcome the difficulties which beset her on all sides she taxed her powers to the utmost. In less than a month she was able to converse intelligibly in oral language. The child's own ecstasy of delight when she was first able to utter her thoughts in living and distinct speech was shared by all who witnessed the almost miraculous achievement. Her success was more complete and inspiring than even those had dreamed or expected who best knew her marvellous intelligence and great mental capacity.

"She very much prefers to speak rather than to spell with her fingers, and makes rapid improvement in the art; she now uses speech almost exclusively, seldom employing her fingers in conversation except when she wishes to communicate a silent message, and is greatly pleased when told by strangers that they readily understand her articulation. She often reads aloud to the children at the Perkins Institution. I noticed her, not many days since, reading and repeating from memory to them from Miss Alcott's story of 'Little Women.'

"She can read somewhat from our lips by the sense of touch, and could, I think, become quite expert in this practice, did we devote any time to assist her; as it is, she often surprises us by catching at the meaning of words and phrases as we utter them. She has already read in this way words in foreign languages with which she was not acquainted. She understands the necessity of close observation, and carefully notes the slightest vibrations resulting from articulation."

Annie M. Sullivan.

Teacher of Helen Keller.

In description of the manner in which this little girl was taught to use speech, Miss Fuller says, —

“In June, 1888, Helen A. Keller, accompanied by her mother, Mr. Anagnos and her teacher, Miss Sullivan, paid a visit to the Horace Mann School. As she went from class to class, her interest in the children and her ready use of English suggested to me that she could be taught to speak. At that time it was thought unwise to allow her to use her vocal organs; but when, nearly two years later, she learned that a deaf and blind child had acquired speech, she spelled upon her fingers, ‘I must speak.’ In response to this emphatic announcement, I gave her her first lesson in speech.

“I began by familiarizing her with the position and condition of the various mouth parts and with the trachea. This I did by passing her hand lightly over the lower part of my face and by putting her fingers into my mouth. I then placed my tongue in the position for the sound of *i* in *it*, and let her find the point, as it lay perfectly still and soft in the bed of the jaw, just behind the lower front teeth, and discover that the teeth were slightly parted. After she had done this, I placed one of her forefingers upon my teeth and the other upon my throat, or trachea, at the lowest point where it may be felt, and repeated the sound *ĭ* several times. During this time, Helen, standing in front of me in the attitude of one listening intently, gave the closest attention to every detail; and when I ceased making the sound, her fingers flew to her own mouth and throat, and after arranging her tongue and teeth she uttered the sound *ĭ* so nearly like that I had made, it seemed like an echo of it. When told that she had given the sound correctly, she repeated it again and again. I next showed her, by means of her sensitive fingers, the depression through the centre of the tongue when in position for the sound of *ä*, and the opening between the teeth during the utterance of that sound. Again she waited with her fingers upon my teeth and throat until I sounded *ä* several times, and then she gave the vowel fairly well. A little practice enabled her to give it perfectly. We then repeated the sound of *ĭ* and contrasted it with *ä*. Having these two differing positions well fixed in her mind, I illustrated the position of the tongue and lips while sounding the vowel *ô*. She experimented with her own mouth, and soon produced a clear, well-defined *ô*. After acquiring this, she began to ask what the sounds represented, and if they were words. I then told her that *ĭ* is one of the sounds of the letter *i*, that *ä* is one of the sounds of the letter *a*, and that some letters have many different sounds, but that it would not be difficult for her to think of these sounds after she had learned to speak words. I next took the position for *ä*, Helen following as before with her fingers, and while sounding the vowel, slowly closed my lips, producing the word *arm*. Without hesitation she arranged her tongue, repeated the sounds, and was delighted to know that she had pronounced a word. Her teacher suggested to her that she

should let me hear her say the words *mamma* and *papa*, which she had tried to speak before coming to me. She quickly and forcibly said '*mum mum*' and '*pup pup*.' I commended her efforts, and said that it would be better to speak very softly, and to sound one part of the word longer than she did the other. I then illustrated what I wanted her to understand, by pronouncing the word *mamma* very delicately, and at the same time drawing my finger along the back of her hand, to show the relative length of the two syllables. After a few repetitions the words '*mamma*' and '*papa*' came with almost musical sweetness from her lips.

"This was Helen's first lesson. She was an ideal pupil, for she followed every direction with the utmost care, and seemed never to forget any thing told her. She had but ten lessons, yet in this short time she acquired all of the elements of speech, and combined them easily and naturally. At the close of her lessons she used speech fluently.

"Helen received her first lesson on the 26th of March, 1890; and on the 19th of the following month, while at the house of a friend, she gave orally the following account of a visit she had made to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. I sat near her while she was speaking, and noted the words as they fell from her lips. I think there were but four that I did not fully understand, and those I asked her to spell upon her fingers.

"'One bright Sunday afternoon, a few weeks ago, I went to see a kind poet, named Dr. Holmes. He was sitting in his beautiful library with a great many books around him and a cheerful fire. I think the poet must be happy with so many friends near him. Teacher told me that the Charles River was flowing beneath the library window. Dr. Holmes said that he loved that gentle river very dearly. I had read many of his poems and known some of them. I liked them very much. I liked them before I thought of putting my arms around his neck and telling him that he gave pleasure to me and to all the blind children, because his poems are in raised letters. Dr. Holmes is an old gentleman. I talked to him and looked at the beautiful things, and he gave me a stamp box. He showed me a picture of his house and he gave me a picture of himself. The house was the house in which he wrote about in his poem "The Opening of the Piano."'

"Her free use of speech on this day was very noticeable. She seemed conscious of the possession of a new power, and gave herself up to the full enjoyment of it. On her way home she remarked, 'I am not dumb now.'

"Helen's reasons for wishing to learn speech, and her enjoyment of its use, are shown in letters written by her to me in April and October, 1890."

Sarah Fuller

Principal of the Horace Mann School for the Deaf,
Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

WASHINGTON, D.C., January 21, 1892.

MISS A. M. SULLIVAN, TEACHER OF HELEN KELLER,

Perkins Institution for the Blind, South Boston, Mass.

DEAR MISS SULLIVAN:—Allow me to thank you for the privilege of reading your account of how you taught Helen Keller, which you have prepared for the second edition of the Souvenir issued by the Volta Bureau. Your paper is full of interest to teachers of the deaf, and it contains many valuable and important suggestions.

I am particularly struck by your statement that you gave Helen books printed in raised letters "*long before she could read them,*" and that "*she would amuse herself for hours each day in carefully passing her fingers over the words, searching for such words as she knew,*" etc.

I consider that statement as of very great significance and importance when I try to account for her wonderful familiarity with idiomatic English. She is such an exceptional child that we are apt to attribute every thing to her marvellous mind, and forget that language comes from without, and not from within. She could not intuitively arrive at a knowledge of idiomatic English expressions. It is absolutely certain that such expressions must have been *taught to her* before she could use them; and if you can show us how it was done, teachers of the deaf all over the world will owe you a debt of gratitude.

The great problem in the education of the deaf is the teaching of idiomatic language.

I am sure that instructors of the deaf will support me in urging you to tell us all you can as to the part played by books in the instruction of Helen Keller. We should like to form an idea of the quantity and quality of the reading-matter presented for her examination "*long before she could read the books.*"

How much time did she devote to the examination of language which she could not understand, in her search for the words that she knew? I would suggest that you give us a list of the books she has read, arranging them, as well as you can, in the order of presentation. Teachers of the deaf find great difficulty in selecting suitable books for their pupils; and I am sure they would thank you especially for the names of those books that have given Helen pleasure, and have proved most profitable in her instruction.

You say, "*I have always talked to Helen as I would to a seeing and hearing child, and have insisted that others should do the same,*" etc. I presume you mean by this that you talked *with your fingers* instead of your mouth; that you spelled into her hand what you would have spoken to a seeing and hearing child. You say that you have "always" done this. Are we to understand that you pursued this method from the very beginning of her education, and that you spelled complete sentences and idiomatic expressions into her hand *before she was capable of understanding the language employed?* If this is so, I consider the point to be of so much importance that I would urge you to elaborate the statement, and make your meaning perfectly clear and unmistakable.

Yours very sincerely

Alexander Graham Bell

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., January 26, 1892.

DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

DEAR SIR:—Thanking you for your very complimentary mention of my paper prepared for the second edition of the Souvenir "Helen Keller," I will say that it gives me pleasure to reply to your inquiries; and I shall be much gratified if the teachers of the deaf can derive, from my experience with my interesting little pupil, any assistance and encouragement in imparting to deaf children a knowledge and command of idiomatic language.

The little deaf and blind child, Helen Keller, whom it was my good fortune to have placed under my care almost five years since, appealed to my woman's heart on account of her misfortune, with which in part I knew from experience how to sympathize, and at once won my affection by her sweet and loving nature. As soon as we were able to communicate with each other by means of the manual alphabet, I was enabled to become a substitute to her for sight and hearing. I began talking to her with my fingers as soon as I could make her comprehend the *meaning* I wished to convey. Of course, at first we could proceed but slowly; but as each sentence was an aid to the next one, she gained rapidly in a knowledge of words, and by this means I was soon able to give her a better acquaintance with her surroundings. I talked to her almost incessantly in her waking hours; spelled into her hand a description of what was transpiring around us, what I saw, what I was doing, what others were doing,—any thing, every thing. Of course, in doing this I used multitudes of words she did not at the time understand, and the exact definition of which I did not pause to explain; but I never abbreviated or omitted words, but spelled all my sentences carefully and correctly. I talked to this little girl with my fingers as I should have talked to her with my mouth, had she been a hearing child; and no doubt I talked much more with my fingers, and more constantly, than I should have done with my mouth, had she possessed the use of sight and hearing, for, had she the full use of these senses, she would have been less dependent on me for amusement and entertainment. When she had become familiar with the raised letters, and had cards and books placed in her hands printed in this style, they were at once an unfailing source of entertainment and instruction to her.

You ask me to tell all I can "as to the part played by books in the instruction of Helen Keller." I do not know that I can describe to you the importance and advantage that books have been to my pupil in acquiring a command of idiomatic English: the advantage has been incalculable. I am confident that Helen's remarkable command of language is due to the fact that books printed in raised letters were placed in her hands as soon as she knew the formation of the letters; it at once became her delight to study these pages, with her sensitive fingers, for many hours each day, not as a lesson, but as a pastime. I was astonished at the rapidity with

which she acquired the use of words she had learned by first finding them on the printed page, inquired of me their meaning, and applied them in constructing sentences. It was not long before she would repeat to me a story she had read in her book: I mean, from the mass of words she had passed her fingers over, she would many times become possessed of the plot or basis of the tale, and recount it to me with her fingers, using any words by which she could make me understand her meaning, often the same used in the book for several sentences; the full meaning of many of these words she could not have understood but by their connection with others which she did know. Sometimes, in amusing herself in this way with her books, she would become completely puzzled, and come to me for help. I would then read to her (always spelling the words into her hand), when with great eagerness she would re-read it for herself with a bright and happy face, always expecting my sympathy and companionship to talk the story over with her, and participate in her appreciation of the author's portrayal of his subject. In doing this we naturally made use of many forms of expression not found in the book, and thus she readily discovered the meaning of words not previously understood. The more Helen used her books, the more she desired to do so, and much time was spent in the manner described.

In regard to the quantity and quality of books furnished Helen before she knew many words, I cannot give a list that will be of much value to teachers of the deaf, as, on account of Helen's double misfortune, she could not be supplied, as deaf children can who have the sense of sight, with a selection from the almost limitless number of beautifully printed and illustrated books for children of all ages which our bookstores so generously display.

I could only read to her with my fingers, and describe to her in the same manner the illustrations, from any of these interesting and attractive publications. The expense of printing books for the use of the blind is enormously greater in proportion than for ordinary printing. A book that one could purchase for from twenty-five to fifty cents, for the use of a seeing child, would, if prepared for the use of a blind child, cost at least three dollars.

The only books which I had to place in Helen's hands at the beginning of my work with her were the Primer and a series of seven volumes of school readers such as are in use in the Primary Department at the Perkins Institution at South Boston; these eight volumes and a copy of "Our World" (a geography) constituted our entire library of books in raised print for many months. As to how much time was spent by this little girl in passing her fingers over the pages in these volumes, searching for such words as she knew, I cannot give you a definite estimate, any more than I could tell you how much time she gave to her doll or to her toys; but she preferred the books to either doll or toys, and spent much more time with them.

Very many happy hours were devoted to this practice with her books every day; it often required special pleading to induce her to leave them. In March, 1888, Mr. Anagnos sent her a copy of a Geographical Reader in raised print. She was very much pleased with it, and took great delight in the discovery of many entirely new words to her on its pages. Not long after this she had two volumes of a series of readers termed "Youth's Libraries," selections in prose and poetry from various authors, and a child's book entitled "Heidi." When we came to Boston, in May of this year, she had access to a variety of literature in raised print at the library of the Institution. She read "Life and her Children," by Isabel Berkeley; "What Katy Did;" "Patsy;" "Story of a Short Life," etc. In the meantime I had been reading to her, by spelling the words into her hand, such books and selections as I had at command of the character that other children of her age enjoy. In August, 1888, I read to her in this way the popular story by Mrs. Burnett, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Her delight in the book knew no bounds, and in response to her earnest entreaty Mr. Anagnos had this story put in raised print; since then she has re-read it many times for herself.

As I have never kept a record of the books Helen has read, or of the order in which I have read books to her, therefore it will be impossible for me to comply with your request in full; but among the books which Helen has read and enjoyed particularly, I recall "Most Celebrated Diamonds;" "Little Women;" "Tanglewood Tales;" "Wonder Book;" "In His Name;" "A Man without a Country;" "Bible Stories;" "Greek Heroes;" "Swiss Family Robinson;" "The Sleeping Sentinel;" "Stories by Hans Christian Andersen;" "The Queen of the Pirate Isles;" "Christmas Carol" (Dickens); "Child's History of England" (Dickens); "American Prose Selections;" "Birds' Christmas Dinner;" "Sara Crewe;" "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and many other of Longfellow's Poems; "Enoch Arden;" Holmes's Poems; Whittier's Poems; "Stories of American Progress," etc., etc.

In addition to the story by Mrs. Burnett before mentioned, the following are titles of books which I remember to have read to Helen since that date: "Queens at Home," "Triangular Society," "Donald and Dorothy," "Black Beauty," "Capt. January," three of Abbot's Rollo books (Rome, Germany, and Naples), "Little St. Elizabeth," "Stories from Roman History," "Stories from Shakespeare" (by Charles and Mary Lamb), "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "Veronica," etc.

Yours truly

Annie M. Sullivan.

CHELSEA, MASS., March 15, 1892.

HON. JOHN HITZ,

Superintendent of the Volta Bureau, Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR:—Since my paper was prepared for the second edition of the *Souvenir* "Helen Keller" some facts have been brought to my notice which are of interest in connection with the subject of the acquisition of language by my little pupil, and if it is not already too late for publication in this issue of the *Souvenir*, I shall be glad if I may have opportunity to mention them in detail.

Perhaps it will be remembered that in my paper, where allusion is made to Helen's remarkable memory, it is noted that she appears to retain in her mind many forms of expression which, at the time they are received, she probably does not understand; but when further information is acquired, the language retained in her memory finds full or partial expression in her conversation or writing, according as it proves of greater or less value to her in the fitness of its application to the new experience. Doubtless this is true in the case of every intelligent child, and should not, perhaps, be considered worthy of especial mention in Helen's case, but for the fact that a child deprived of the senses of sight and hearing would not ordinarily possess the mental powers and capacities which distinguish Helen; hence it is possible to class as marvellous, acquirements which may not merit such an explanation.

In the hope that I may be pardoned if I appear to over-estimate the remarkable mental capacity and power of comprehension and discrimination which my little pupil possesses, I wish to add, that, while I have always known that Helen made great use of such descriptions and comparisons as appeal to her imagination and fine poetic nature, yet recent developments in her writings convince me of the fact that I have not in the past been fully aware to what extent she absorbs the language of her favorite authors. In the early part of her education I had full knowledge of all the books she read, and of nearly all the stories which were read to her, and could without difficulty trace the authority of any adaptations noted in her writing or conversation; and I have always been much pleased to observe how appropriately she applies the expressions of a favorite author in her own compositions.

The following extracts from a few of her published letters give evidence of how valuable this power of retaining the memory of beautiful language has been to her. One warm, sunny day in early spring, when we were at the North, the balmy atmosphere appears to have brought to her mind the sentiment expressed by Longfellow in "Hiawatha," and she almost sings with the poet, "The ground was all aquiver with the stir of new life. My heart sang for very joy. I thought of my own dear home. I knew that in that sunny land spring had come in all its splendor. 'All its birds and all its blossoms, all its flowers and all its grasses.'"

About the same time, in a letter to a friend, in which she makes mention of her Southern home, she gives so close a reproduction from a poem by one of her favorite authors that I will give extracts from Helen's letter and from the poem itself:—

EXTRACT FROM HELEN'S LETTER.

[*The entire letter is published on pp. 245 and 246 of the Report of the Perkins Institution for 1891.*]

"The blue-bird with his azure plumes, the thrush clad all in brown, the robin jerking his spasmodic throat, the oriole drifting like a flake of fire, the jolly bobolink and his happy mate, the mocking-bird imitating the notes of all, the red-bird with his one sweet trill, and the busy little wren, are all making the trees in our front yard ring with their glad songs."

FROM THE POEM ENTITLED "SPRING," BY
DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"The blue-bird, breathing from his azure plumes
The fragrance borrowed from the myrtle blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire;
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,
Repeats imperious, his *staccato* note;
The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
Poised on a bullrush tipsy with his weight;
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings."

On the last day of April she uses another expression from the same poem, which is more an adaptation than a reproduction: "To-morrow April will hide her tears and blushes beneath the flowers of lovely May."

In a letter to a friend at the Perkins Institution, dated May 17, 1889, she gives a reproduction from one of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, which I had read to her not long before. This letter is published in the Perkins Institution Report (1891), p. 204. The original story was read to her from a copy of "Andersen's Stories" published by Leavitt & Allen Bros., and may be found on p. 97 of Part I. in that volume.

Her admiration for the impressive explanations which Bishop Brooks has given her of the Fatherhood of God is well known. In one of his letters, speaking of how God in every way tells us of his love, he says, "I think he writes it even upon the walls of the great house of nature which we live in, that he is our Father." The next year at Andover she said, "It seems to me the world is full of goodness, beauty, and love; and how grateful we must be to our heavenly Father, who has given us so much to enjoy! His love and care are written all over the walls of nature."

In these later years, since Helen has come in contact with so many persons who are able to converse freely with her, she has made the acquaintance of some literature with which I am not familiar; she has also found, in books printed in raised letters, in the reading of which I have been unable to follow her, much material for the cultivation of the taste she possesses for poetical imagery. The pages of the book she reads become to her like paintings, to which her imaginative powers give life and color. She is at once transported into the midst of the events portrayed in the story she reads or is told, and the characters and descriptions become real to her; she rejoices when justice wins, and is sad when virtue goes unrewarded. The pictures the language paints on her memory appear to make an indelible impression;

and many times, when an experience comes to her similar in character, the language starts forth with wonderful accuracy, like the reflection from a mirror.

Helen's mind is so gifted by nature that she seems able to understand, with only the faintest touch of explanation, every possible variety of external relations. One day in Alabama, as we were gathering wild-flowers near the springs on the hillsides, she seemed to understand for the first time that the springs were surrounded by mountains, and she exclaimed, "The mountains are crowding around the springs, to look at their own beautiful reflections!" I am not able to state where she obtained this language, yet it is evident that it must have come to her from without, as it would hardly be possible for a person deprived of the visual sense to originate such a description. In mentioning a visit to Lexington, Mass., she writes: "As we rode along we could see the forest monarchs bend their proud forms to listen to the little children of the woodlands whispering their secrets. The anemone, the wild violet, the hepatica, and the funny little curled-up ferns all peeped out at us from beneath the brown leaves." She closes this letter with "I must go to bed, for Morpheus has touched my eyelids with his golden wand." Here again I am unable to state where she acquired these expressions.

She has always seemed to prefer stories which exercise the imagination, and catches and retains the poetic spirit in all such literature; but not until this winter have I been conscious that her memory absorbed the exact language of imaginative writings to such an extent that she is herself unable to trace their authority.

This is shown in a little story she wrote, in October last, at the home of her parents in Tuscumbia, which she termed "Autumn Leaves." She was at work upon it about two weeks, writing a little each day, at her own pleasure. When it was finished, and we read it in the family, it occasioned much comment on account of the beautiful imagery used, and we could not understand how Helen could describe such pictures without the aid of sight. As we had never seen or heard of any such story as this before, we inquired of her where she read it. She replied, "I did not read it; it is my story for Mr. Anagnos' birthday." And while I was surprised that she could write like this, I was not more astonished than I had been many times before at the unexpected achievements of my little pupil, especially as we had exchanged many beautiful thoughts on the subject of the glory of the ripening foliage during the autumn of this year.

Before Helen made her final copy of the story, it was suggested to her to change its title to "The Frost King," as more appropriate to the subject of which the story treated; to this she willingly assented. The story was written by Helen in Braille, as usual, and copied by her in the same manner. I then interlined the manuscript for the greater convenience of those who desired to read it. Helen wrote a little letter, and, enclosing the manuscript, forwarded both by mail to Mr. Anagnos for his birthday.

The story was printed in the January number of "The Mentor," and from a review of it in the "Goodson Gazette" I was startled to find that a very similar story had been published in 1873, seven years before Helen was born. This story, "Frost Fairies," appeared in a book written by Miss Margaret T. Canby, entitled "Birdie and his Fairy Friends." The passages quoted from the two stories were so much alike in thought and expression as to convince me that Miss Canby's story must at some time have been read to Helen.

As I had myself never read this story, or even heard of the book, I inquired of Helen if she knew any thing about the matter, and found she did not. She was utterly unable to recall either the name of the story or the book. Careful examination was made of the books in raised print in the library of the Perkins Institution, to learn if any extracts from this volume could be found there; but nothing was discovered. I then concluded that the story must have been read to her a long time ago, as her memory usually retains with great distinctness facts and impressions which have been committed to its keeping.

After making careful inquiry, I succeeded in obtaining the information that our friend Mrs. S. C. Hopkins had a copy of this book in 1888, which was presented to her little daughter in 1873 or 1874. Helen and myself spent the summer of 1888 with Mrs. Hopkins at her home in Brewster, Mass., where she kindly relieved me, a part of the time, of the care of my little charge. She amused and entertained Helen by reading to her from a collection of juvenile publications, among which was the copy of "Birdie and his Fairy Friends;" and, while Mrs. Hopkins does not remember this story of "Frost Fairies," she is confident that she read to Helen extracts, if not entire stories, from this volume. But as she was not able to find her copy, and applications for the volume at bookstores in Boston, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, and other places resulted only in failure, search was instituted for the author herself. This became a difficult task, as her publishers in Philadelphia had retired from business many years ago; however, it was eventually discovered that her residence is at Wilmington, Delaware, and copies of the second edition of the book, 1889, were obtained from her. She has since secured and forwarded to me a copy of the first edition. I learn from Miss Canby that several of the fairy stories contained in this book were first printed in a popular magazine entitled "Our Young Folks," published in Boston 1865-73.

The most generous and gratifying letters have been received from Miss Canby by Helen's friends, a few extracts from which are given:—

Under date of February 24, 1892, after mentioning the order of the publication of the stories in the magazine, she writes, "All the stories were revised before publishing them in book form; additions were made to the number as first published, I think, and some of the titles may have been changed."

In the same letter she writes, "I hope that you will be able to make Helen understand that I am glad she enjoyed my story, and that I hope the new book will give her pleasure by renewing her friendship with the Fairies. I shall write to her in a short time. I am so much impressed with what I have learned of her that I have written a little poem entitled 'A Silent Singer,' which I may send to her mother after a while. Can you tell me in what paper the article appeared accusing Helen of plagiarism, and giving passages from both stories? I should like much to see it, and to obtain a few copies if possible."

Under date of March 9, 1892, Miss Canby writes, "I find traces, in the Report which you so kindly sent me, of little Helen having heard other stories than that of 'Frost Fairies.' On page 132, in a letter, there is a passage which must have been suggested by my story called 'The Rose Fairies' (see pp. 13-16 of 'Birdie'), and on pages 93 and 94 of the Report the description of a thunder-storm is very much like Birdie's idea of the same in the 'Dew Fairies' on pages 59 and 60 of my book. What a wonderfully active and retentive mind that gifted child must have! If she had remembered and written down, accurately, a short story, and that soon after hearing it, it would have been a marvel; but to have heard the story once, three years ago, and in such a way that neither her parents nor teacher could ever allude to it or refresh her memory about it, and then to have been able to reproduce it so vividly, even adding some touches of her own in perfect keeping with the rest, which really improve the original, is something that very few girls of riper years, and with every advantage of sight, hearing, and even great talents for composition, could have done as well, if at all. Under the circumstances, I do not see how any one can be so unkind as to call it a plagiarism; it is a wonderful feat of memory, and stands *alone*, as doubtless much of her work will in the future, if her mental powers grow and develop with her years as greatly as in the few years past. I have known many children well, have been surrounded by them all my life, and love nothing better than to talk with them, amuse them, and quietly notice their traits of mind and character; but I do not recollect more than one girl of Helen's age who had the love and thirst for knowledge, and the store of literary and general information, and the skill in composition, which Helen possesses. She is, indeed, a 'Wonder-Child.' Thank you very much for the Report, 'Gazette,' and Helen's Journal. The last made me realize the great disappointment to the dear child more than before. Please give her my warm love, and tell her not to feel troubled about it any more. No one shall be allowed to think it was any thing wrong; and some day she will write a great, beautiful story or poem that will make many people happy. Tell her there are a few bitter drops in every one's cup, and the only way is, to take the bitter patiently, and the sweet thankfully. I shall love to hear of her reception of the book, and how she likes the stories which are new to her."

I have carefully compared the stories published in "Our Young Folks" with the compilation entitled "Birdie and his Fairy Friends," and find great differences in the phraseology.

The language used by Helen in the adaptations mentioned by Miss Canby resembles that of the book, and not that of the magazine; and the story of "The Frost Fairies" is not found in "Our Young Folks" at all. The book was evidently her source of information, but there is no evidence to show from which edition the stories were read. Both editions were printed from the same plates, and the language is identical.

I have now (March, 1892) read to Helen "The Frost Fairies," "The Rose Fairies," and a portion of "The Dew Fairies;" but she is unable to throw any light on the matter. She recognized them at once as her own stories with variations, and was much puzzled to learn how they could have been printed before she was born. She thinks it is wonderful that two people should write stories so much alike, but she still considers her own as original with herself.

I give below a portion of Miss Canby's story, "The Rose Fairies," and also Helen's entire letter to Mr. Anagnos containing her "dream," so that the likenesses and differences may be studied by those interested in the subject.

THE ROSE FAIRIES.

BY MARGARET T. CANBY.

[From "*Birdie and his Fairy Friends*."]

"One pleasant morning little Birdie might have been seen, sitting quietly on the grass-plat at the side of his mother's house, looking very earnestly at the rose-bushes.

"It was quite early; great Mr. Sun, who is such an early riser in summer-time, had not been up very long; the birds were just beginning to chirp their 'good mornings' to each other; and as for the flowers, they were still asleep. But Birdie was so busy all day, trotting about the house and garden, that he was always ready for *his* nest at night, before the birds and flowers had thought of seeking *theirs*; and so it came to pass, that when Mr. Sun raised his head above the green woods, and smiled lovingly upon the earth, Birdie was often the first to see him, and to smile back at him, all the while rubbing his eyes with his dimpled fists, until, between smiling and rubbing, he was wide awake.

"And what do you think he did next? Why the little rogue rolled into his mamma's bed, and kissed her eyelids, her cheeks, and her mouth, until she began to dream that it was raining kisses; and at last she opened her eyes to see what it all meant, and found that it was Birdie, trying to 'kiss her awake,' as he said.

"She loved her little boy very dearly, and liked to make him happy, and when he said, 'Please dress me, dear mamma, and let me go out to play in the garden,' she cheerfully consented; and soon after, Birdie went down-stairs, in his morning-dress of cool linen, and with his round face bright and rosy from its bath, and ran out on the gravel path, to play until breakfast was ready.

“He stood still a moment to look about him, and think what he should do first. The fresh morning air blew softly in his face, as if to welcome him, and be his merry playmate; and the bright eye of Mr. Sun looked at him with a warm and glowing smile; but Birdie soon walked on to find something to play with. As he came in sight of the rose-bushes that grew near the side of the house, he suddenly clapped his hands, and with a little shout of joy, stopped to look at them; they were all covered with lovely rose-buds. Some were red, some white, and others pale pink, and they were just peeping out of the green leaves, as rosy-faced children peep out from their warm beds in winter-time, before they are quite willing to get up. A few days before, Birdie’s papa had told him that the ‘green balls’ on the rose-bushes had beautiful flowers shut up within them; but the little boy found it hard to believe, for he was so young that he did not remember how pretty the roses had been the summer before. Now he found out that his father’s words were true, for a few days of warm weather had turned the ‘green balls’ into rose-buds, and they were so beautiful that it was enough to make Birdie stand still before them, his blue eyes dancing with delight, and his little hands clasped tightly together.

“After awhile he went nearer, and looking closely at the buds, found that they were folded up, leaf over leaf, as eyelids are folded over sleeping eyes, so that Birdie thought they must be asleep. ‘Lazy roses, wake up,’ said he, giving the branches a gentle shake; but only the dew fell off in bright drops, and the flowers were still shut up. At last Birdie remembered how he had awakened his mother with kisses, and thought he would try the same plan with the roses; so he drew up his red lips until *they* looked like a rose-bud too, and bending down a branch with a lovely pink bud upon it, he kissed it softly two or three times.”

The similarity of the language used by Miss Canby and that employed by Helen in the letter printed below ceases at this point, therefore I conclude that here the reading of the story may have been interrupted and not again resumed.

LETTER TO MR. ANAGNOS.

WRITTEN BY HELEN, FEBRUARY 2 AND 3, 1890.

[*This was enclosed in another letter written in French, dated “Le 1 Fevrier, 1890.”*]

MY DEAR MR. ANAGNOS,

You will laugh when you open your little friend’s letter and see all the queer mistakes she has made in French; but I think you will be pleased to know that I can write even a short letter in French. It makes me very happy to please you and my dear teacher. I wish I could see your little niece Amelia. I am sure we should love each other. I hope you will bring some of Virginia Evangelides’ poems home with you, and translate them for me. Teacher and I have just returned from our walk. It is a beautiful day. We met a sweet little child. She was playing on the Pier with a wee brother. She gave me a kiss and then ran away, because she was a shy little girl. I wonder if you would like to have me tell you a pretty dream which I had a long time ago, when I was a very little child? Teacher says, it was a day-dream, and she thinks you would

be delighted to hear it. One pleasant morning in the beautiful springtime, I thought I was sitting on the soft grass, under my dear mother's window, looking very earnestly at the rose-bushes which were growing all around me. It was quite early, the sun had not been up very long; the birds were just beginning to sing joyously. The flowers were still asleep. They would not awake until the Sun had smiled lovingly upon them. I was a very happy child with rosy cheeks, and large blue eyes and the most beautiful golden ringlets you can imagine. The fresh morning air blew gently in my face, as if to welcome me, and be my merry playmate, and the Sun looked at me with a warm and tender smile. I clapped my chubby hands for joy when I saw that the rose-bushes were covered with lovely buds. Some were red, some were white, and others were delicate pink, and they were peeping out from between the green leaves like beautiful little fairies. I had never seen anything so lovely before, for I was very young and I could not remember how pretty the roses had been the summer before. My little heart was filled with a sweet joy, and I danced around the rose-bushes to show my delight. After a while I went very near to a beautiful white rose-bush which was completely covered with buds and sparkling with dewdrops; I bent down one of the branches with a lovely pure white bud upon it, and kissed it softly many times. Just then I felt two loving arms steal gently around me and loving lips kissing my eyelids, my cheeks, and my mouth, until I began to think it was raining kisses; and at last I opened my eyes to see what it all meant, and found it was my precious mother, who was bending over me, trying to kiss me awake. Do you like my day-dream? If you do perhaps I will dream again for you sometime.

Teacher and all of your friends send you their love. I shall be so glad when you come home for I greatly miss you. Please give my love to your good Greek friends, and tell them that I shall come to Athens some day.

Lovingly your little friend and playmate,

HELEN A. KELLER.

"The Frost Fairies" and "The Frost King" are given in full, as the differences are as important as the resemblances.

THE FROST FAIRIES.

BY MARGARET T. CANBY.

[*From "Birdie and his Fairy Friends."*]

"King Frost, or Jack Frost as he is sometimes called, lives in a cold country, far to the North; but every year he takes a journey over the world, in a car of golden clouds drawn by a strong and rapid steed called 'North Wind;' wherever he goes, he does many wonderful things: he builds bridges over every stream, clear as glass in appearance, but often strong as iron; he puts the flowers and plants to sleep, by one touch of his hand, and they all bow down, and sink into the warm earth, until spring returns; then, lest we should grieve for the flowers, he places at our windows lovely wreaths and sprays of his white northern flowers, or delicate little forests of fairy pine-trees, pure white, and very beautiful. But his most wonderful work is the painting of the trees,

which look, after his task is done, as if they were covered with the brightest layers of gold and rubies: and are beautiful enough to comfort us for the flight of summer.

“I will tell you how King Frost first thought of this kind work, for it is a strange story. You must know that this king, like all other kings, has great treasures of gold and precious stones in his palace; but being a good-hearted old fellow, he does not keep his riches locked up all the time, but tries to do good, and make others happy with them. He has two neighbors, who live still farther north; one is King Winter, a cross and churlish old monarch, who is hard and cruel, and delights in making the poor suffer and weep; but the other neighbor is Santa Claus, a fine, good-natured, jolly old soul, who loves to do good, and who brings presents to the poor, and to nice little children at Christmas.

“Well, one day King Frost was trying to think of some good that he could do with his treasure; and suddenly he concluded to send some of it to his kind neighbor, Santa Claus, to buy presents of food and clothing for the poor, that they might not suffer so much when King Winter went near their homes. So he called together his merry little fairies, and showing them a number of jars and vases filled with gold and precious stones, told them to carry those carefully to the palace of Santa Claus, and give them to him, with the compliments of King Frost. ‘He will know how to make good use of the treasure,’ added Jack Frost; then he told the fairies not to loiter by the way, but to do his bidding quickly.

“The fairies promised obedience, and soon started on their journey, dragging the great glass jars and vases along, as well as they could, and now and then grumbling a little, at having such hard work to do; for they were idle fairies, and liked play better than work. At last they reached a great forest, and being quite tired, they decided to rest awhile, and look for nuts, before going any farther. But lest the treasure should be stolen from them, they hid the jars among the thick leaves of the forest trees: placing some high up, near the top, and others in different parts of the various trees, until they thought no one could find them.

“Then they began to wander about, and hunt for nuts, and climb the trees to shake them down; and worked much harder for their own pleasure than they had done for their master’s bidding; for it is a strange truth, that fairies and children never complain of the toil and trouble they take in search of amusement, although they often grumble when asked to work for the good of others.

“The frost fairies were so busy and so merry over their nutting frolic, that they soon forgot their errand, and their king’s command to go quickly; but, as they played and loitered in the forest until noon, they found out the reason why they were told to hasten; for although they had, as they thought, hidden the treasure so carefully, they had not secured it from the power of Mr. Sun, who was an enemy of Jack Frost, and delighted to undo his work, and weaken him, whenever he could.

“His bright eyes found out the jars of treasure among the trees; and as the idle fairies left them there until noon, at which time Mr. Sun is the strongest, the delicate glass began to melt and break; and before long, every jar and vase was cracked or broken; and the precious treasures they contained were melting too, and dripping slowly, in streams of gold and crimson, over the trees and bushes of the forest!

“Still, for awhile, the frost fairies did not notice this strange occurrence, for they were down on the grass, so far below the tree-tops, that the wonderful shower of treasure was a long time in reaching them; but at last one of them said, ‘Hark! I believe it is raining; I certainly hear the falling drops.’ The others laughed, and told him that ‘it seldom rained when the sun was shining;’ but as they listened, they plainly heard the tinkling of many drops falling through the forest, and sliding from leaf to leaf until they reached the bramble-bushes beside them; when, to their great dismay, they found that the *rain-drops* were *melted rubies*, which hardened on the leaves, and turned them to bright crimson in a moment. Then looking more closely at the trees around, they saw that the treasure was all melting away, and that much of it was already spread over the leaves of the oak-trees and maples, which were shining with their gorgeous dress of gold and bronze, crimson and emerald. It was very beautiful; but the idle fairies were too much frightened, at the mischief their disobedience had caused, to admire the beauty of the forest, and at once tried to hide themselves among the bushes, lest King Frost should come and punish them.

“Their fears were well founded, for their long absence had alarmed the king, and he had started out to look for his tardy servants; and just as they were all hidden, he came slowly along, looking on all sides for the fairies. Of course, he soon noticed the brightness of the leaves, and discovered the cause, too, when he caught sight of the broken jars and vases, from which the melted treasure was still dropping. And when he came to the nut-trees, and saw the shells left by the idle fairies, and all the traces of their frolic, he knew exactly how they had acted, and that they had disobeyed him, by playing and loitering on their way through the woods.

“King Frost frowned, and looked very angry at first, and his fairies trembled for fear, and cowered still lower in their hiding-places; but just then two little children came dancing through the wood, and though they did not see King Frost or the fairies, they saw the beautiful colors of the leaves, and laughed with delight, and began picking great bunches to take to their mother. ‘The leaves are as pretty as flowers,’ said they; and they called the golden leaves, ‘buttercups,’ and the red ones, ‘roses,’ and were very happy as they went singing through the wood.

“Their pleasure charmed away King Frost’s anger, and he, too, began to admire the painted trees, and at last he said to himself, ‘My treasures are not wasted if they make little children happy; I will not be offended at my idle, thoughtless fairies, for they have taught me a new way of doing good.’ When the frost fairies heard these words, they crept, one by one, from their corners, and, kneeling down before their master, confessed their fault, and asked his pardon. He frowned upon them for awhile, and scolded them too, but he soon relented, and said, ‘he would forgive them this time; and would only punish them, by making them carry more treasure to the forest, and hide it in the trees, until all the leaves, with Mr. Sun’s help, were covered with gold and ruby coats.’

“Then the fairies thanked him for his forgiveness, and promised to work very hard to please him; and the good-natured king took them all up in his arms, and carried them safely home to his palace.

“From that time, I suppose, it has been part of Jack Frost’s work to paint the trees with the glowing colors we see in the autumn; and if they are *not* covered with gold and precious stones, I do not know how he makes them so bright; *do you?*”

THE FROST KING.

BY HELEN A. KELLER.

[Copied from the original manuscript in the Braille writing.]

“King Frost lives in a beautiful palace, far to the north, in the land of perpetual snow. The palace, which is magnificent beyond description, was built centuries ago, in the reign of King Glacier. At a little distance from the palace we might easily mistake it for a mountain whose peaks were mounting heavenward to receive the last kiss of the departing day. But on nearer approach we should discover our error. What we had supposed to be peaks were in reality a thousand glittering spires. Nothing could be more beautiful than the architecture of this ice-palace. The walls are curiously constructed of massive blocks of ice which terminate in cliff-like towers. The entrance to the palace is at the end of an arched recess and it is guarded night and day by twelve soldierly looking white Bears.

“But children, you must make King Frost a visit the very first opportunity you have, and see for yourselves this wonderful palace. The old king will welcome you kindly for he loves children and it is his chief delight to give them pleasure.

“You must know that King Frost, like all other kings, has great treasures of gold and precious stones; but as he is a generous old monarch he endeavors to make right use of his riches. So wherever he goes he does many wonderful works: he builds bridges over every stream, as transparent as glass, but often as strong as iron; he shakes the forest trees until the ripe nuts fall into the laps of laughing children; he puts the flowers to sleep with one touch of his hand; then, lest we should mourn for the bright faces of the flowers, he paints the leaves with gold and crimson and emerald, and when his task is done the trees are beautiful enough to comfort us for the flight of summer. I will tell you how King Frost happened to think of painting the leaves for it is a strange story.

“One day while King Frost was surveying his vast wealth and thinking what good he could do with it, he suddenly bethought him of his jolly old neighbor, Santa Claus. ‘I will send my treasures to Santa Claus,’ said the king to himself. ‘He is the very man to dispose of them satisfactorily for he knows where the poor and the unhappy live, and his kind old heart is always full of benevolent plans for their relief.’ So, he called together the merry little fairies of his household, and, showing them the jars and vases containing his treasures, he bade them carry them to the palace of Santa Claus as quickly as they could. The fairies promised obedience, and were off in a twinkling, dragging the heavy jars and vases along after them as well as they could, now and then grumbling a little at having such a hard task, for they were idle fairies and loved to play better than to work. After a while they came to a great forest and, being tired and hungry they thought they would rest a little and look for nuts before continuing their journey. But thinking their treasure might be stolen from them, they hid the jars among the thick green leaves of the various trees until they were sure that no one could find them. Then they began to wander merrily about searching for nuts, climbing trees, peeping curiously into the empty birds’ nests and playing hide and seek from behind the trees. Now these naughty fairies were so busy

and so merry over their frolic that they forgot all about their errand and their master's command to go quickly, but soon they found to their dismay why they had been bidden to hasten, for although they had, as they supposed, hidden the treasure carefully, yet the bright eyes of King Sun had spied out the jars among the leaves and as he and King Frost could never agree as to what was the best way of benefiting the world, he was very glad of a good opportunity of playing a joke upon his rather sharp rival. King Sun laughed softly to himself when the delicate jars began to melt and break. At length every jar and vase was cracked or broken and the precious stones they contained were melting, too, and running in little streams over the trees and bushes of the forest.

“Still the idle fairies did not notice what was happening for they were down on the grass, and the wonderful shower of treasure was a long time in reaching them; but at last they plainly heard the tinkling of many drops falling like rain through the forest and sliding from leaf to leaf until they reached the little bushes by their side when to their astonishment they discovered that the rain-drops were melted rubies which hardened on the leaves and turned them to crimson and gold in a moment. Then looking around more closely they saw that much of the treasure was already melted for the oaks and maples were arrayed in gorgeous dresses of gold and crimson and emerald. It was very beautiful, but the disobedient fairies were too frightened to notice the beauty of the trees. They were afraid that King Frost would come and punish them. So they hid themselves among the bushes and waited silently for something to happen. Their fears were well founded for their long absence had alarmed the king and he mounted North Wind and went out in search of his tardy couriers. Of course he had not gone far when he noticed the brightness of the leaves, and he quickly guessed the cause when he saw the broken jars from which the treasure was still dropping. At first King Frost was very angry and the fairies trembled and crouched lower in their hiding places, and I do not know what might have happened to them if just then a party of boys and girls had not entered the wood. When the children saw the trees all aglow with brilliant colors they clapped their hands and shouted for joy and immediately began to pick great bunches to take home. ‘The leaves are as lovely as the flowers!’ cried they, in their delight. Their pleasure banished the anger from King Frost’s heart and the frown from his brow and he, too, began to admire the painted trees. He said to himself, ‘My treasures are not wasted if they make little children happy. My idle fairies and my fiery enemy have taught me a new way of doing good.’ When the fairies heard this they were greatly relieved and came forth from their hiding places, confessed their fault and asked their master’s forgiveness. Ever since that time it has been King Frost’s great delight to paint the leaves with the glowing colors we see in the autumn, and if they are not covered with gold and precious stones I cannot imagine what makes them so bright, can you?”

If the story of "The Frost Fairies" was read to Helen in the summer of 1888, I do not think she could have understood very much of it at that time, for she had only been under instruction since March, 1887.

Can it be that the language of the story had remained dormant in her mind until my description of the beauty of the autumn scenery in 1891 brought it vividly before her mental vision?

I have made careful investigation among Helen's friends in Alabama, and in Boston and vicinity, but thus far have been unable to ascertain any later date when it could have been read to her.

Another fact is of great significance in this connection: "The Rose Fairies" was published in the same volume with "The Frost Fairies," and therefore was probably read to Helen at or about the same time.

Now, Helen, in her letter of February, 1890 (quoted above), alludes to this story of Miss Canby as a dream — "*which I had a long time ago, when I was a very little child.*" Surely a year and a half would appear "a long time ago" to a little girl like Helen; we therefore have reason to believe that the stories must have been read to her at least as early as the summer of 1888.

The following entry, made by Helen in her Diary, speaks for itself: —

HELEN'S OWN STATEMENT.

[Copied from the manuscript in the Braille writing.]

JANUARY 30, 1892.

"This morning I took a bath and when teacher came up-stairs to comb my hair, she told me some very sad news, which made me unhappy all day.

"Some one wrote to Mr. Anagnos that the story which I sent him as a birthday gift and which I wrote myself was not my story at all; but that a lady had written it a long time ago. The person said her story was called Frost-Fairies. I am sure I never heard it. It made us feel so sad to think that people thought we had been untrue and wicked. My heart was full of tears for I love the beautiful truth with my whole heart and mind.

"It troubles me greatly now. I do not know what I shall do. I never thought that people could make such mistakes before. I am perfectly sure I wrote the story myself. Mr. Anagnos is much troubled. It grieves me to think that I have been the cause of his unhappiness, but of course I did not mean to do it.

"I thought about my story in the autumn because teacher told me about the autumn leaves, while we walked in the woods at Fern Quarry. I thought fairies must have painted them because they are so wonderful, and I thought, too, that King Frost must have jars and vases containing precious treasures, because I knew that

other kings long ago had, and because teacher told me that the leaves were painted ruby, emerald, gold, crimson and brown so I thought the paint must be melted stones. I knew that they must make children happy because they are so lovely, and it made me very happy to think that the leaves were so beautiful and that the trees glowed so, although I could not see them. I thought everybody had the same thoughts about the leaves, but I do not know now. I thought very much about the sad news when teacher went to the Doctor's. She was not here at dinner and I missed her."

I do not feel that I can add any thing more to this letter which will be of interest. My own heart, too, is "full of tears" when I remember how my dear little pupil suffered when she knew "that people thought we had been untrue and wicked," for I know that she does indeed "love the beautiful truth with her whole heart and mind."

Yours truly

Annie M. Sullivan

A SILENT SINGER.

[Lovingly dedicated to Helen A. Keller, after reading some of her beautiful letters. In one she said, "I am very, very happy. God wants us to be happy. He did not want His child to be dumb; and when I go to him, He will let his angels teach me to sing." —Date of October 20, 1890.]

Sweet Helen, when I think of thee,
With sightless eye and sealed ear,
Yet pining not in misery,
But with a spirit full of cheer,
Seeing with inward vision clear
The loveliness of earth and sky,
I blush, that mortals blest as I,
So little see,—so little hear!

For thee, upon the grassy wold
The tender wildwood blossoms grow;
For thee, in crimson tints and gold
The painted leaves of autumn glow;
For thee the crystals of the snow
Softly descend upon the world,
And giant-spears through space are hurled
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow.

And though thy soul in silence dwells,
There is a voice that speaks to thee
Of birds that sing in shady dells,
Of mountain streamlets wand'ring free,
Of rustling leaves on forest tree;
And the sweet notes of home and love
Have kept thee gentle as a dove
Wooed by some woodland melody.

Thy heart is like a wind-harp's wire
Whereon sweet music slumb'ring lies,
Till, swept by zephyr's breath, the lyre
To nature's harmony replies.
"Oh, let me sing!" thy spirit cries,
Throbbing the while like fettered bird;
Dear child, believe! thy prayer is heard,
And thou shalt sing in Paradise.

But e'en on earth thy tuneful soul,
Replete with love of all things fair,
May find a voice in written scroll
To smoothe the brow of grief and care;
To bid all burdened spirits bear,
Bravely as thine, their daily cross,
Till, purified by pain and loss,
In heaven the angels' songs they share.

Margaret T. Canby.

Author of "Birdie and his Fairy Friends."

WILMINGTON, DEL., February 23, 1892.

FAC-SIMILE
OF
AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

South Boston, Mass., April 3, 1890.

My dear Miss Fuller,

My heart is full of joy this beautiful morning, because I have learned to speak many new words, and I can make a few sentences. Last evening I went out in the yard and spoke to the moon. I said, "O moon come to me!" Do you think the lovely moon was glad that I could speak to her? How glad my mother will be I can hardly wait for June to come I am so eager to speak to her and to my precious little sister. Mildred could not understand me when I spelled with my fingers, but now she will sit in my lap and I will tell her many things to please

her, and we shall be so happy together. Are you very, very happy because you can make so many people happy? I think you are very kind and patient, and I love you very dearly. My teacher told me Tuesday that you wanted to know how I came to wish to talk with my mouth. I will tell you all about it, for I remember my thoughts perfectly. When I was a very little child I used to sit in my mother's lap nearly all the time, because I was very timid, and did not like to be left by myself. And I would keep my little hand on her face all the while, because it amused me to feel her face and lips move when she talked with people. I did not know then what she was doing, for

I was quite ignorant of all things.
Then when I was older I learned to
play with my nurse and the little
negro children and I noticed that
they kept moving their lips just like my
mother, so I moved mine too, but
sometimes it made me angry and
I would hold my playmates' mouths
very hard. I did not know then that
it was very naughty to do so. After
a long time my dear teacher came
to me, and taught me to communicate
with my fingers and I was satis-
fied and happy. But when I came
to school in Boston I met some
deaf people who talked with their
mouths like all other people, and
one day a lady who had been to
Norway came to see me, and told

me of a blind and deaf girl she had
seen in that far away land who had
been taught to speak and understand
others when they spoke to her.
This good and happy news delighted me
exceedingly, for then I was sure that
I should learn also. I tried to make
sounds like my little playmates,
but teacher told me that the voice
was very delicate and sensitive and
that it would injure it to make incorrect
sounds, and promised to take me to
see a kind and wise lady who would
teach me rightly. That lady was
yourself. Now I am as happy as
the little birds, because I can speak
and perhaps I shall sing too. All of
my friends will be so surprised and glad.
Your loving little pupil, Helen A. Keller.

Juscumbia, Alabama, Oct. 20, 1890.

My dear Miss Fuller,

Oh, no! I have not forgotten you, dear friend! I have thought of you every day, and I love you more than ever. I will tell you why I have not written before. After I came home I was sick for a while, and the doctor said I must be very quiet and not get tired or I would be very ill. We all went away to a beautiful mountain, where it was cool and pleasant, and I did nothing but play, and ride my dear donkey. You must know I had a lovely time climbing the steep paths, and gathering the pretty wild flowers. Lioness, my great, faithful mastiff, always went with us. When we were tired and sat down on a fallen tree to rest

She would roll in the leaves, or lie quietly at our feet. Sometimes the rain came down in torrents, then we stayed in the house and amused ourselves. Mildred and our little cousin, Louise Adams, were very happy together. I used to swing them in the hammock, and have fun with them. They could understand all that I said to them, and sometimes I could tell what they said, by feeling of their lips. Are you not delighted because I can speak so well! My dog comes bounding to me when I call her, and all of my friends know what I say, if I speak distinctly. I have learned a great deal about my loving heavenly, and the dear Christ. I am very, very happy. God wants us to be happy. I think He wanted you to teach me to speak because He knew how much I wished speak

Like other people. He did not want his
child to be dumb, and when I go to him
He will let His angels teach me to sing
I wonder if your beautiful new
school is finished. You must give my
dear love to all the children and the
teachers. I hope they have not forgotten
Helen. When I see you, I shall much
very much to tell you. I am studying
every day, and learning all I can about
plants, and numbers, and the beautiful
world our Father has given us, I am so
glad that we shall live always, be-
cause there are so many wonderful
things to learn about. Teacher sends
love, and little sister sends a kiss.

Lovingly, your little friend
Helen A Keller.

